

In my visits to the Indian tribes I have several times traversed the immense plains of the West. Every time I have found myself amid a painful void. Europe's thousands of poor, who cry for bread and wander without shelter or hope, often occur to my thoughts. "Unhappy poor," I often cry, "why are ye not here?"



Father P. J. De Smet, S. J.

Your industry and toil would end your sorrows. Here you might rear a smiling home and reap in plenty the fruit of your toil." The sound of the axe and hammer will echo in this wilderness; broad farms with orchard and vineyard, alive with domestic animals and poultry, will cover these desert plains to provide for thick-coming cities, which will rise as if by enchantment with dome and tower, church and college, school and house, hospitals and asylums.